

GOLD
KEY®

BUGS BUNNY

25¢

BUGS BUNNY



Bugs Bunny

Planet of the Shapes

COME BACK HERE, YOU FUR-BEARIN', LOW-DOWN, SIDE-WINDIN', FAST-TALKIN' HUNK OF RIVER-BOTTOM TRASH!

YOU LEFT OUT 'ROTTEN-TO-THE-CORE', SAM!

LET'S NOT LOOK ON THIS AS A CARROT CON-JOB... LET'S CONSIDER IT A LONG-TERM VEGETABLE LOAN!

...JUST ANOTHER PEACEFUL DAY IN THE COUNTRYSIDE! ALL IS CALM, WITH THE POSSIBLE EXCEPTION OF THE ENRAGED PIRATE CHASING THE BUCK-TOOTHED CARROT SNITCHER...

THINGS ARE NO CALMER IN THE TRACKLESS REGIONS OF OUTER SPACE...

COMMUNI-K FROM SOLAR PATROL: WE ARE IN PURSUIT OF SNAZZ... POSITION 55-R, CROSS-INDEX 5...

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ESCAPEE IS GAINING DISTANCE. HONORABLE SQUADRON LEADER! WE'RE LOSING HIM!

IT'S THAT SHIP OF HIS...

AFTER HE ESCAPED THE PYRO-PITS, HE STOLE THAT EXPERIMENTAL MODEL! ITS WARP-DRIVE IS DOUBLE THIS SHIP'S!

JUST TRACK HIS COURSE!

HAVE A HEART, SAM! FUDDSY'S CARROT PATCH WON'T MATURE FOR THREE MORE WEEKS! I'VE GOTTA EAT!

I BOUGHT THOSE CARROTS FOR MY DINNER, RABBIT!

HHWOOOOOM!

WHAT IN TARNATION WAS THAT?

A ROUGH LANDING, TO BE SURE! I MISCALCULATED THE INCREASED WARP-DRIVE POWER OF THIS VESSEL!

BEFORE THE SQUADRON CATCHES UP, I MUST DISGUISE MYSELF AS A DENIZEN OF THIS PLANET!

ENCYCLO-SCREEN, WHAT ARE THE INHABITANTS OF EARTH CALLED?

THE ENCYCLO IS RUNNING DOWN THE ENTIRE ROSTER! THAT ROUGH LANDING JARRED ITS MECHANISMS!

VENUS=...
VENUSIAN

MARS=...
MARTIAN

EARTH=EARTHWORM

AH, THERE IS MY ANSWER! NOW TO FIND AN 'EARTHWORM' TO DUPLICATE...

THE INTERPLANETARY CONVICT IS UNAWARE HIS MACHINE HAS GIVEN HIM A WRONG ANSWER—BUT WE WON'T TELL HIM, WILL WE?

IN THE MEANTIME...

NOW, WHERE DID THAT VARMINT VAMOOSE TO?

THAT'S THE CRITTER—I SPY HIS POINTY-EAR STICKIN' OUT!

I GOT'CHA NOW! I GOT'CHA, YOU BILGE-RAT RABBIT!

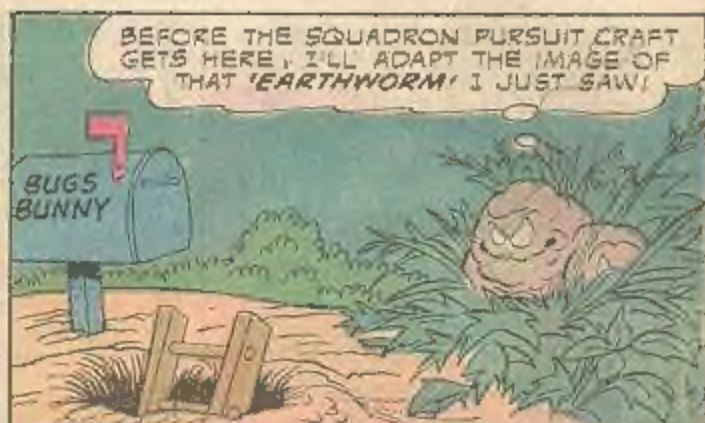
HUH? FORTUNATELY, I ALWAYS CARRY A FAKE-OUT RABBIT EAR WITH ME FOR JUST SUCH AN OCCASION!

THAT'S RIGHT—HIDE IN YER HOLE LIKE THE WORM THAT YOU ARE!

WELL, I GOT ONE CARROT OUT OF IT.

SO THAT'S A WORM! I SHALL GUISE MYSELF TO HIS LIKENESS!

BUGS BUNNY



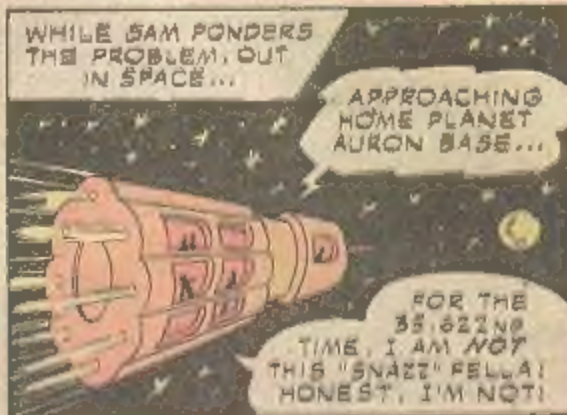
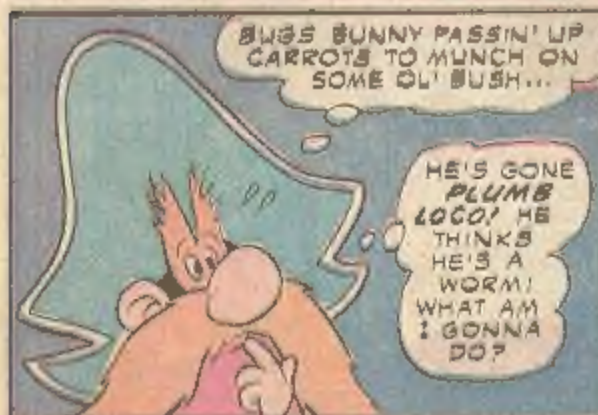
SIMULTANEOUSLY, IN SPACE...

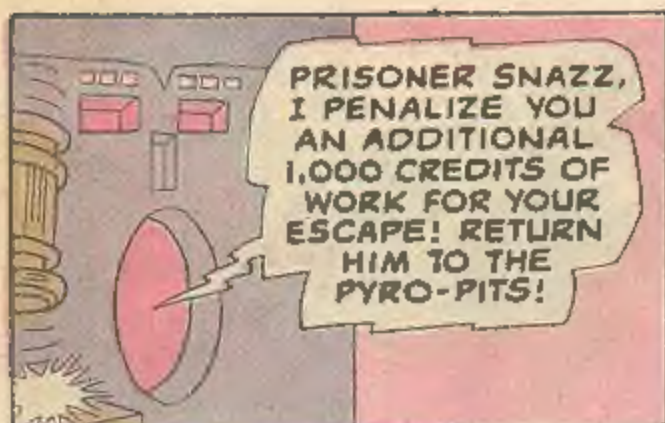


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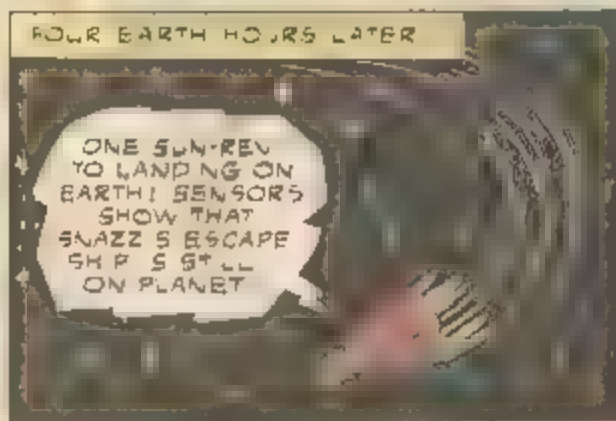
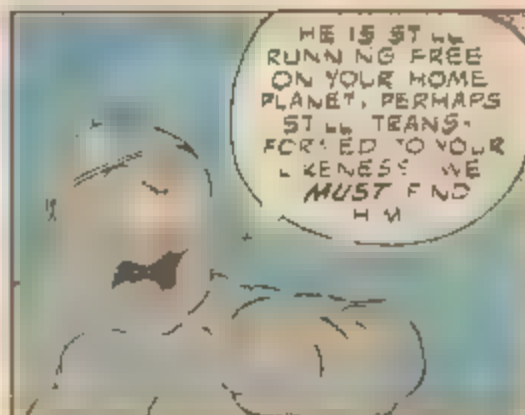
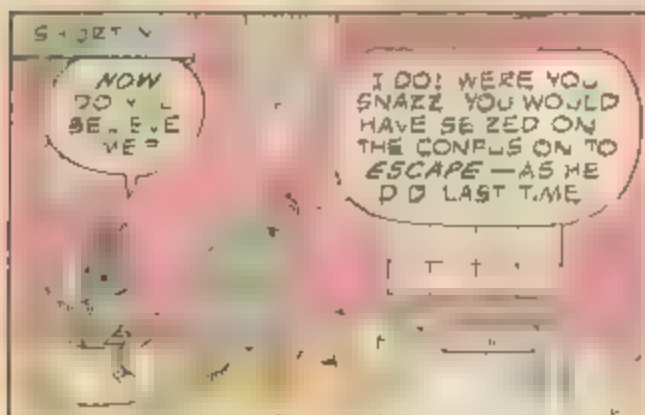


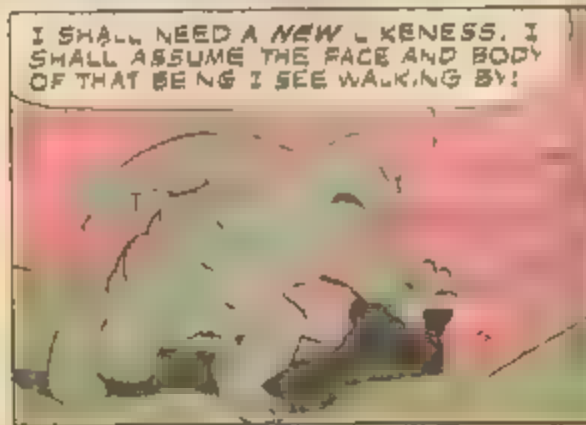
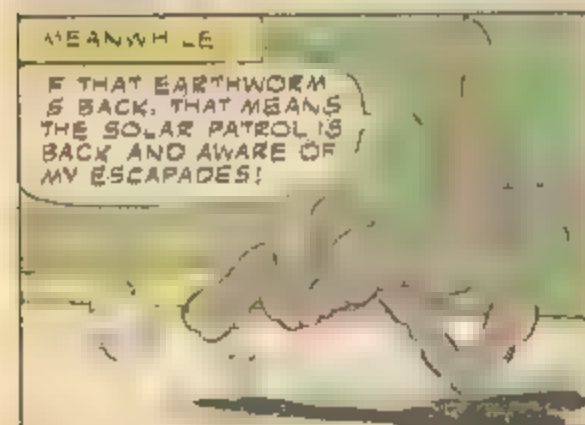
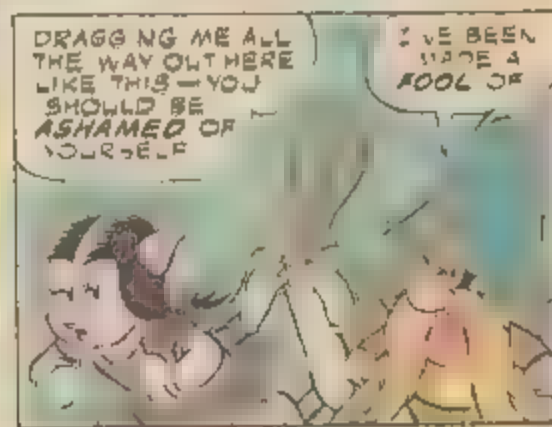
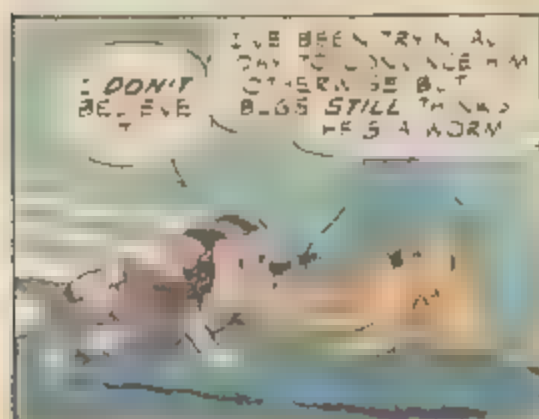


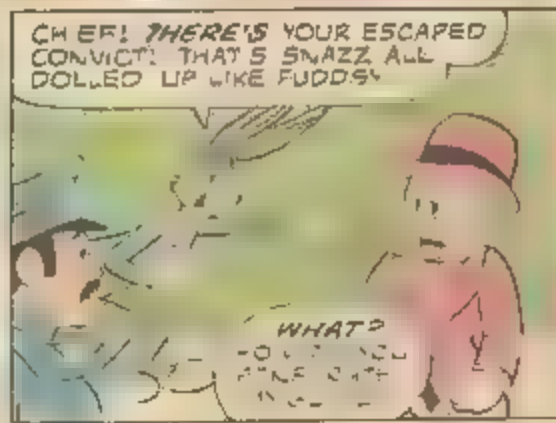
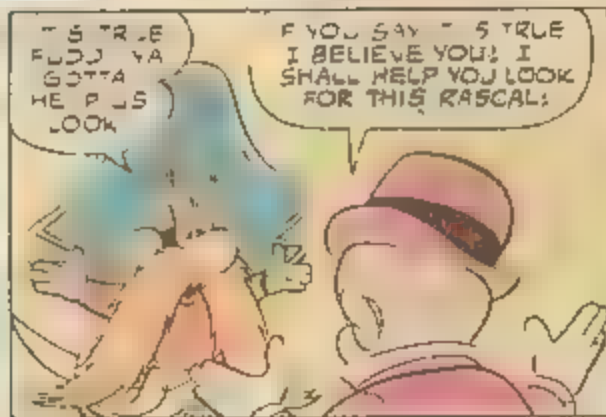


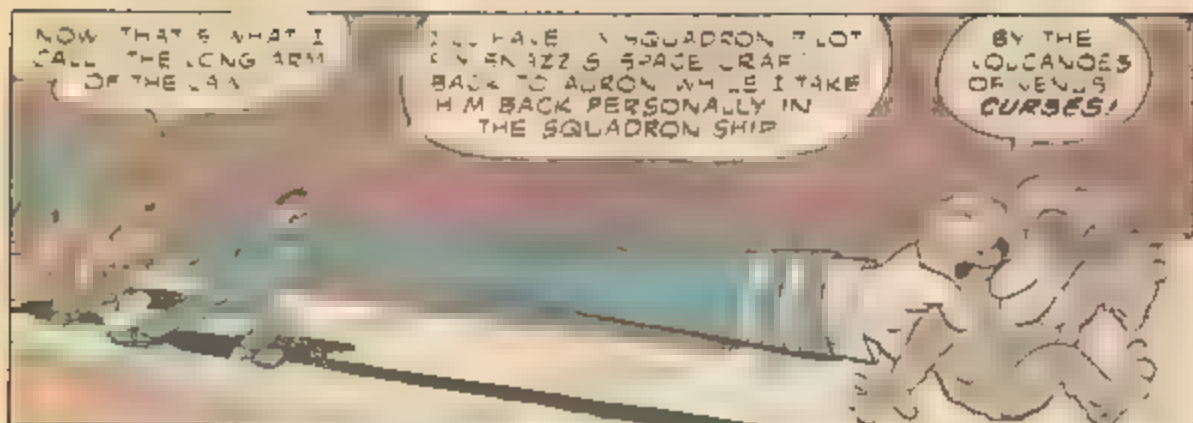












HAPPY HOBOS



"Eh—what's up, Doc?" Bugs Bunny asked Elmer Fudd, as Elmer worked in his yard. "Nothing," retorted Elmer. "And don't bother me with that silly question."

"Hmm... looks to me like your carrots are up," said Bugs. "That's a good crop."

"And don't you touch them," said Elmer.

"Aw, don't be a dud, Fudd," Bugs pleaded. "I'm dying for just one teensy carrot. As Elmer ignored him, Bugs added, "I'll even work for it. Your garden's pretty weedy."

"Work?" exclaimed Elmer, surprised. Then he laughed, "You remind me of the hoboes that used to come around. They twamped all over working for just their supper!"

"So I'll work for you," said Bugs.

"All right," said Elmer. "I give you six cawwots an hour to weed."

"It's a deal," agreed Bugs, and he started to weed with a will. But as soon as Elmer was out of sight, Bugs could not resist taking just one little carrot.

"Might as well get paid while I work," he thought, crunching happily.

A moment later, however, Elmer appeared, and in his hand was a shotgun.

"Aha!" he exclaimed. "I knew I couldn't trust you, you conniving wabbit! Now get out!" and he raised his gun menacingly.

At that, Bugs left in a hurry. But Elmer's remark about the hoboes stayed with him. "Being a hobo sounds like fun—riding the rails and stuff. I think I'll give it a go," he decided. So, carrying a knapsack, Bugs headed for the railroad yard.

"Oh, a hobo's life's a happy life," he sang. "there's no worry and there's no strife. Every day is a merry spree... and a hobo's life is the life for me."

When Bugs reached the railroad yard, how

ever, he found only some deserted boxcars.

"No matter," he thought, as he walked along the tracks humming happily.

For the rest of the day, Bugs plodded along. At nightfall, he camped under a railroad trestle. Over a small fire, he heated a can of soup and sat back contentedly. Tomorrow, he would catch a ride on a train and head for some real adventure. Wrapping himself in a blanket, Bugs went to sleep, dreaming of happy times ahead.

But Bugs was in for a rude awakening... In the middle of the night, a storm broke! Thunder rumbled and lightning flashed as the heavens opened up! The downpour brought a sudden fast swirling river of water into the gully under the bridge. In an instant, Bugs and his belongings were swept away! Twisting and turning and gasping for breath, Bugs fought against the tide, but it was no use! The swirling waters closed over his head and carried him along relentlessly in endless choking darkness! He was doomed!

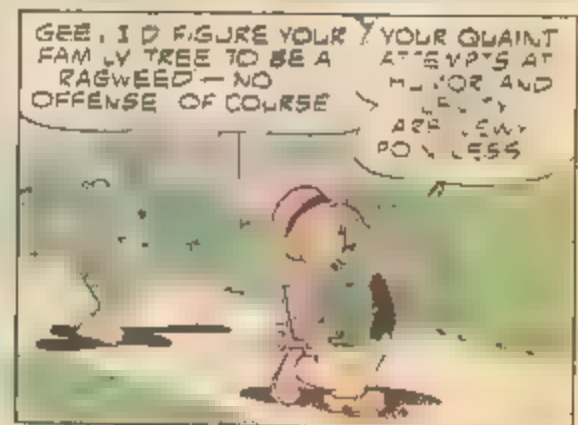
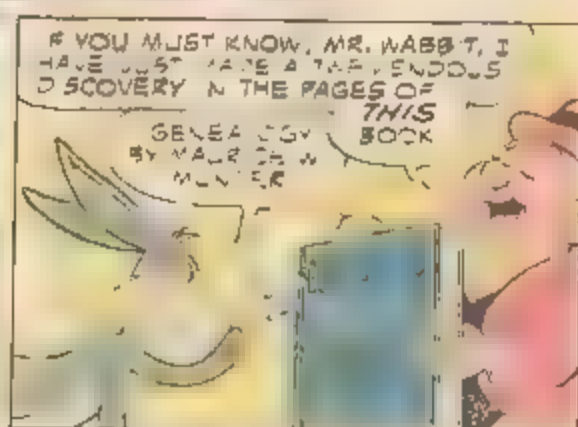
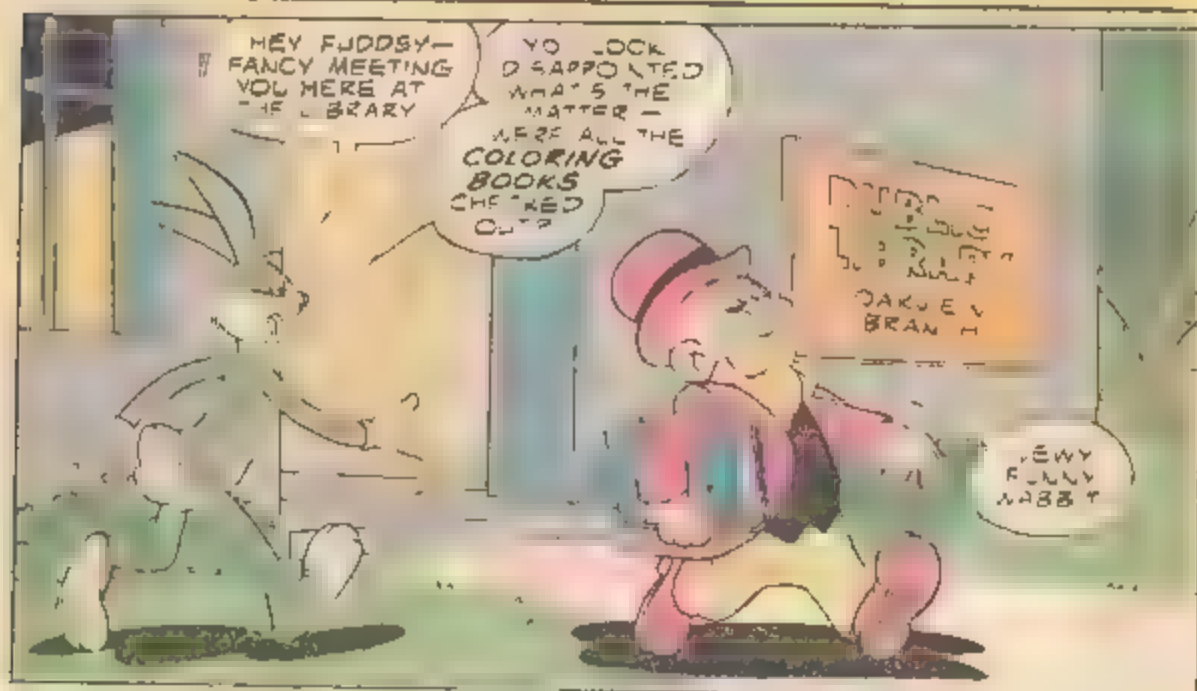
Then, by a strange fate, Bugs was tossed up on a bank. As he lay there, panting and gasping, a powerful beam of light suddenly sliced the darkness! And just as suddenly, Bugs became aware that he was on the railroad tracks and that an engine was coming toward him. He quickly jumped up and as he leaped into the air, he caught hold of the train's cowcatcher. He hung on desperately. Then, just when he felt he was slipping, the train slowly came to a grinding halt. Gratefully, Bugs slid to the ground and looked around.

"I'm home! I'm home!" he gasped in happy disbelief. "I'm really home! And I'm never going to leave again!" he vowed.

As Bugs headed for his own snug rabbit hole, he was sure of one thing—there was no happier hobo in the whole world!

**BUGS
BUNNY**

Swell Fellow FUDD



I JUST FOUND OUT MY GWEAT-
GWEAT-GWEAT-GWEAT-GWEAT
GWANDFATHER WAS THE COUSIN
OF KING RISHMORE III...

THAT MEANS
I AM AN
AWISTOCWAY!
I AM
DESCENDED
FROM
WOYALTY!

AND, AS SUCH, I CANNOT ASSOCIATE
WITH JUST **ANYONE!**
GOOD-BYE WABBIT.

HMM... LOOKS
LIKE HIS
FAMILY TREE
HAS A LITTLE
SAP LEFT
IN IT.

LATER,

I'LL TELL ALL THE OTHER GIRLS,
"LOOK WHAT BUGS WON FOR ME
AT THE CARNIVAL..."

BUGS! A WORD
WITH YOU.

BUGSY
YOU'VE
GOTTA DO
SOMETHING
ABOUT HIM.

OH YOU
RAN INTO
FUDDO,
EH?

YOU'RE NOT JUST WHISTLING
DIE! HE CALLED ME A
"LOWLY FLUSSYCAT!" THE
NERVE OF HIM!

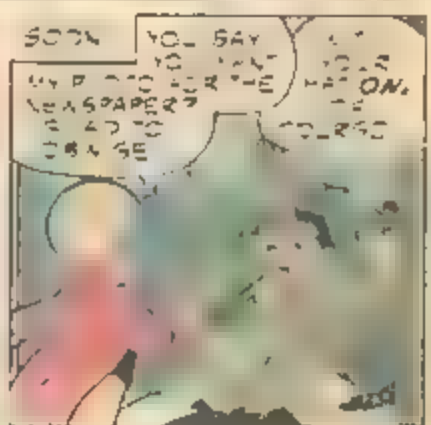
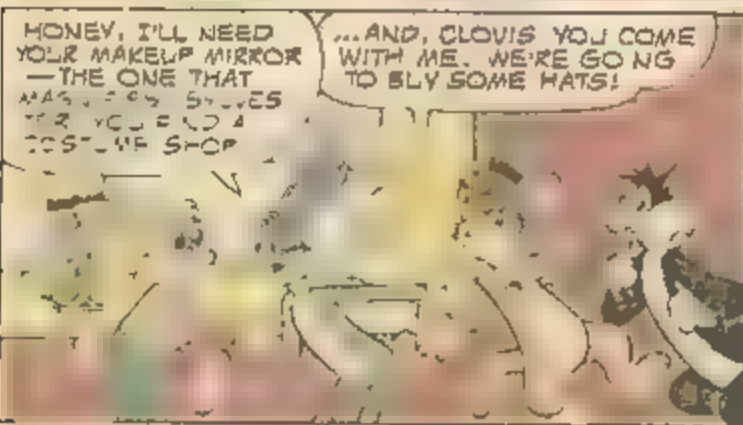
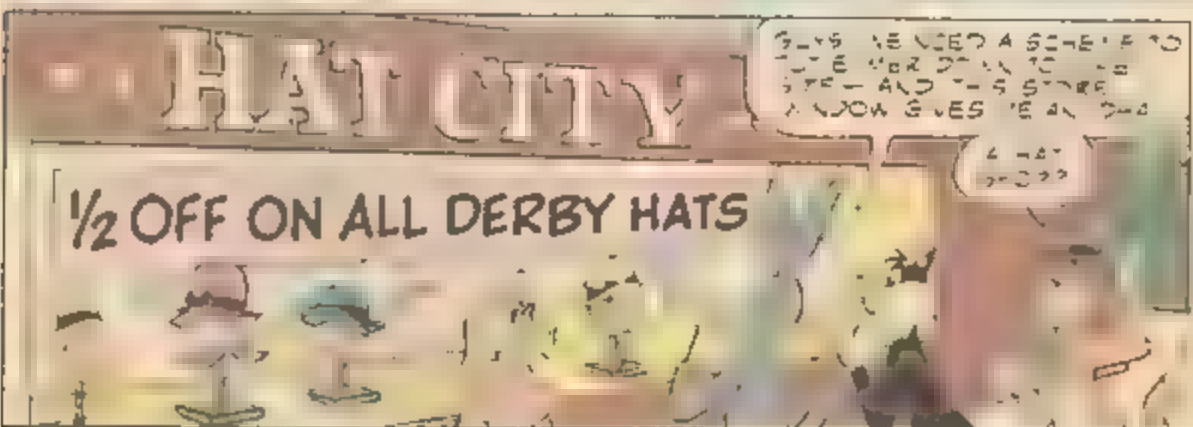
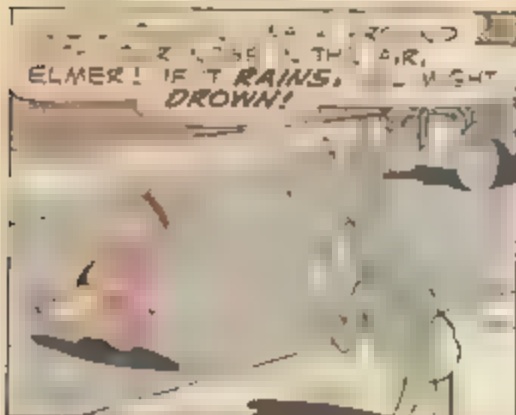
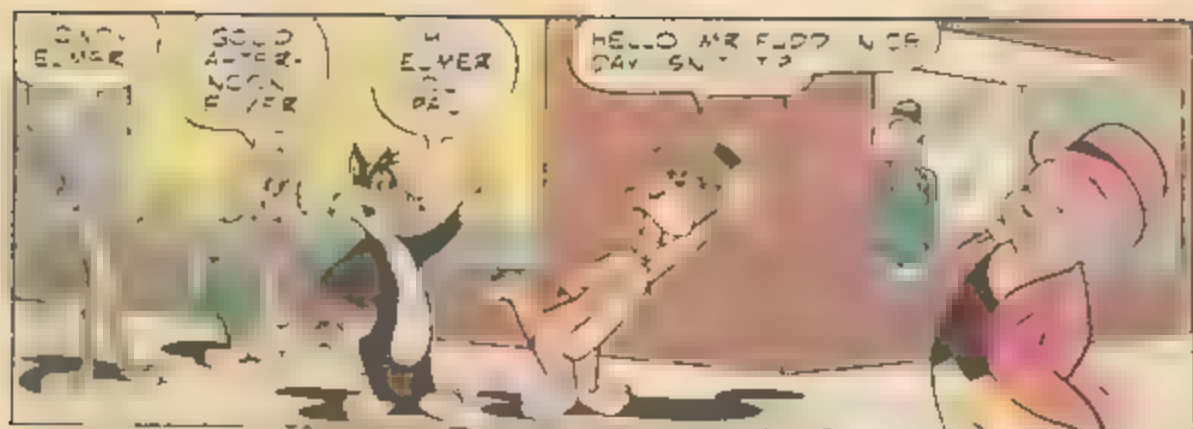
HE SAID
NOW
HAT HE
WAS A THE
OPPER
CRUST HE
WOULDN'T
ASSOCIATE
WITH US
SIMPLE
FOLKS.

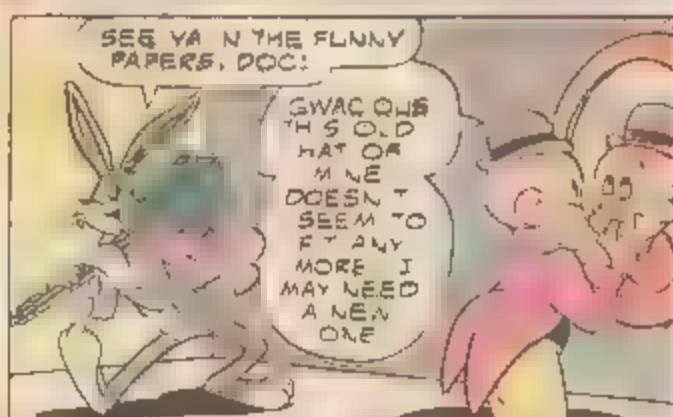
AND YOU HAVEN'T
HEARD THE **WORST!**
HE SAID MANUAL
LABOR WAS **BENEATH**
HIM SO HE'S
GETTING RID OF HIS
CARROT PATCH.

WABBIT
WABBIT
WABBIT

SOMETHING MUST
BE DONE TO GET
EVERY FLODD
BACK TO
EARTH.

LOOK... HERE
HE COMES. LET'S
ACT REAL
FRIENDLY AND
MAYBE HE'LL
SNAP OUT
OF...



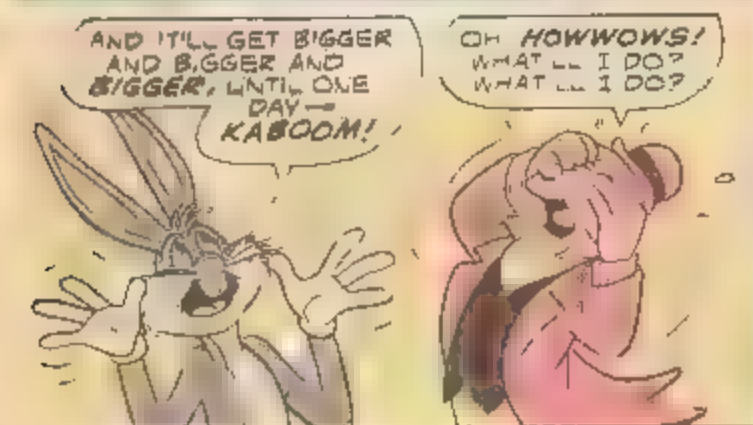
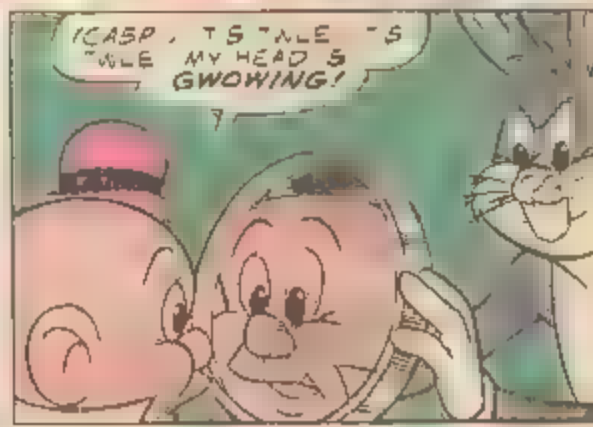
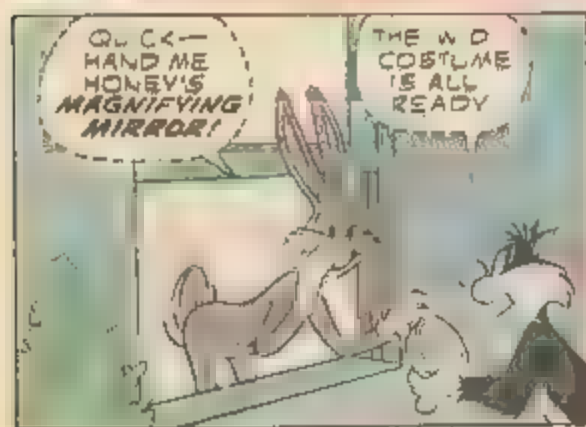
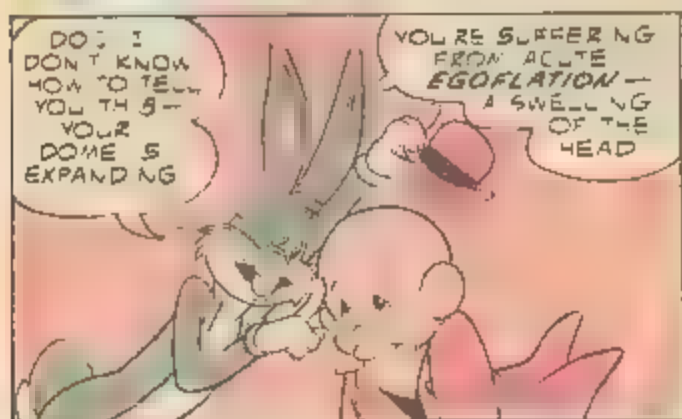
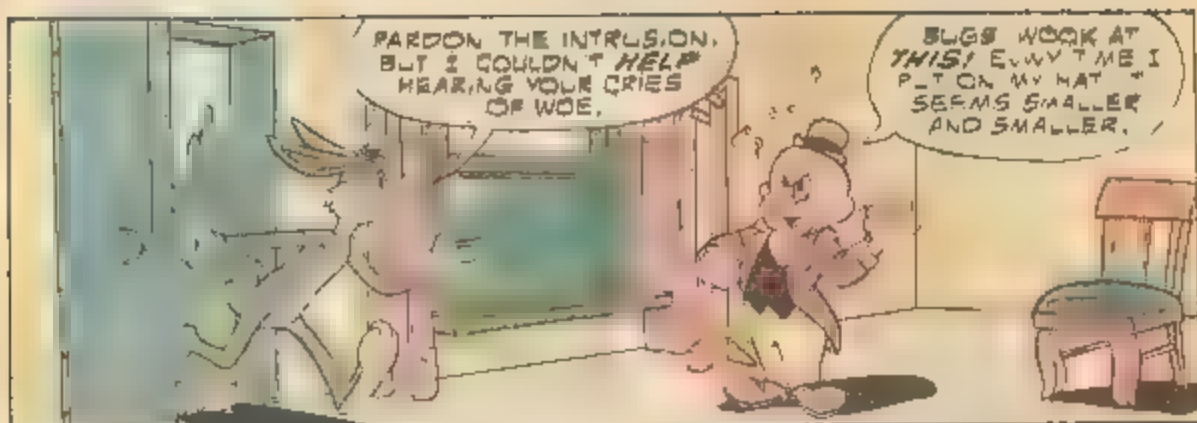


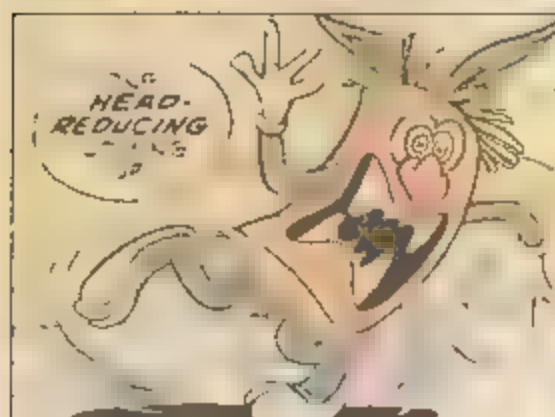
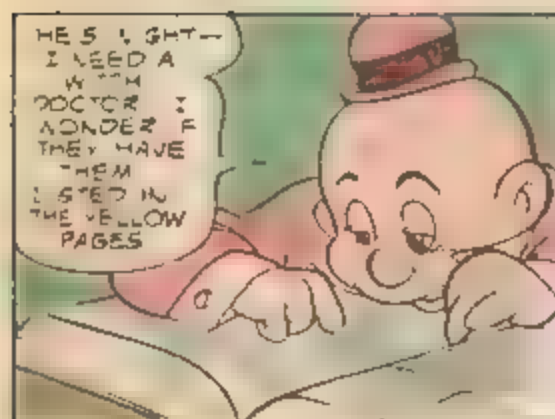
THAT NIGHT, AS ELMER SLEEPS A LONG EARED FIGURE T.P. TOES TOWARD HIS HOUSE...



AND THE NEXT MORNING







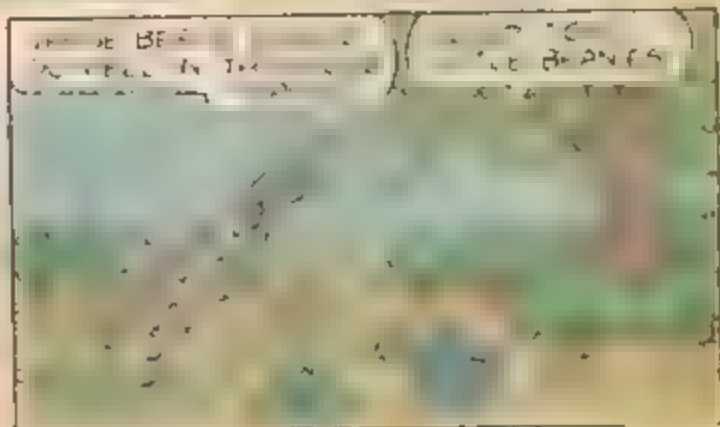
SO DO I WILL BE GOOD HAVE THE DOOR DOOR BACK AGAIN

BUGS BUNNY

FEAR-FEAR-FEAR

LIZZY WITCH

ARE YOU
FROM THE
UPPER
SIDE MAGIC
BEANS?



COMES THE DAWN

I'D BETTER WAKE
MY LARKS & HED
BEANS BEFORE I
GET ON WITH
MILKING OF THE
7 DAY

EEK!

THOSE REALLY WERE
MAG BEANS

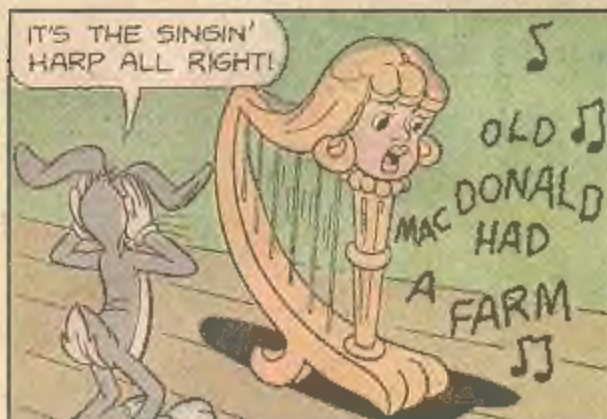
HOW ABOUT THAT,
MAYBE THIS BEAN-
STALK DOES GO
UP TO A CASTLE
IN THE CLOUDS,
FULL O' GOODIES.

(I'LL HAVE
A LOOK
EE)

TOP FLOOR I'S
THIS A
WHERE I
GET OFF

(WOW! THERE'S THE
CASTLE JUST LIKE
IN THE STORY BOOKS!)



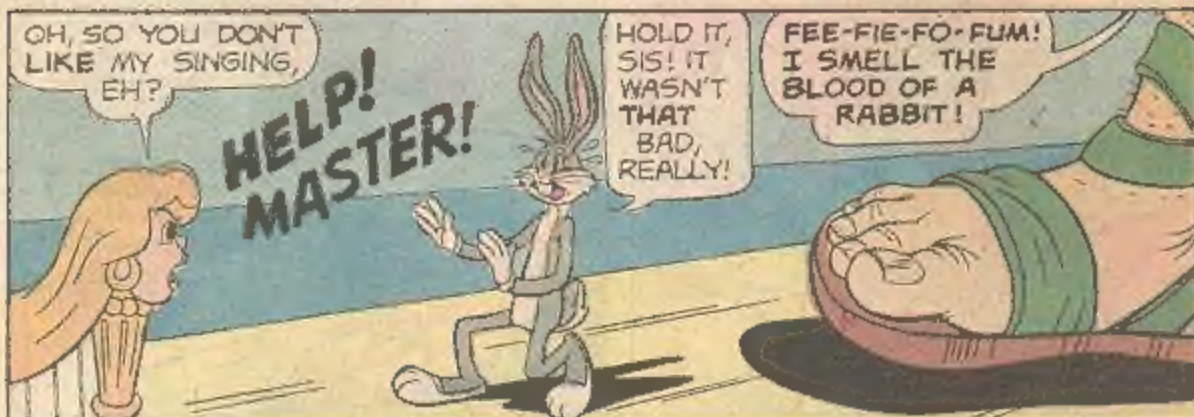


IT'S THE SINGIN' HARP ALL RIGHT!

OLD
DONALD
HAD
A FARM



LOOK, I CAME TO SAVE YOU FROM THE GIANT, BUT WILL YOU STOP THAT SCREECHING! IT HURTS MY SENSITIVE BUNNY EARS!



OH, SO YOU DON'T LIKE MY SINGING, EH?

HELP!
MASTER!

HOLD IT, SIS! IT WASN'T THAT BAD, REALLY!

FEE-FIE-FO-FUM!
I SMELL THE BLOOD OF A RABBIT!



THIS RABBIT CAME TO STEAL ME, MASTER! AND FLURTHERMORE HE DOESN'T LIKE MY SINGING!

EEK!



THAT MOUSE HOLE LOOKS LIKE A LOGICAL HIDING PLACE!

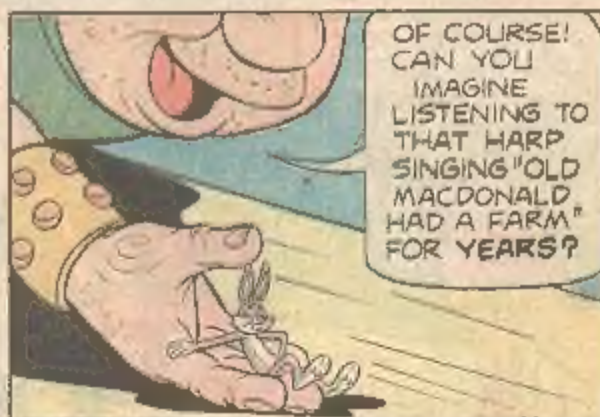
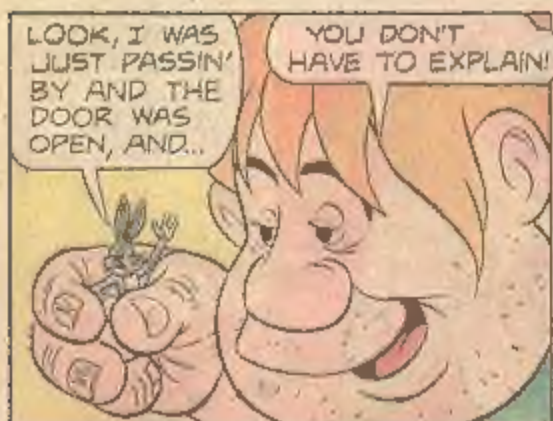
COME BACK HERE, RABBIT!



YIPE! EVEN THE MICE ARE KING SIZE AROUND HERE!



OKAY... SO YOU WIN, DOC! VA GOT ME!

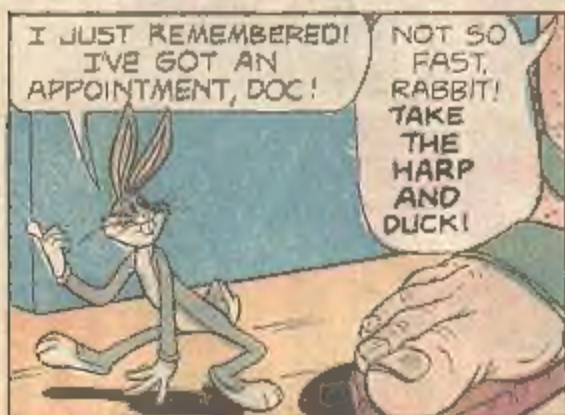




IT LOOKS GOOD,
BUT IT'S A **BRASS**
EGG! THAT
PHONEY DUCK
HAS BEEN
PASSING 'EM
OFF AS GOLD
FOR YEARS!



SO NOW
YOU
KNOW WHY
I'M GLAD
TO SEE
YOU! YOU
CAN TAKE
'EM **BOTH...**
WITH MY
BLESSINGS!



I JUST REMEMBERED!
I'VE GOT AN
APPOINTMENT, DOC!

NOT SO
FAST,
RABBIT!
TAKE
THE
HARP
AND
DUCK!



I'VE GOT A **SPECIAL**
DUNGEON JUST FOR
RABBITS!

NOW, YOU
EITHER TAKE
'EM OR
INTO THE
DUNGEON
YOU GO!



WELL, 'SINCE YOU
PUT IT **THAT** WAY...



HE'S GONE! NOW I'LL PULL UP
THE BEANSTALK SO THERE'S
NO CHANCE OF HIM SNEAKING
THAT HARP AND DUCK BACK!



AFTER THE WAY YOU
TREATED ME, I'LL
NEVER SING AGAIN!

NO FOOLIN'? THAT'S
WHAT I LIKE! A
STORY WITH A
HAPPY ENDING!

BRASS
DUCK EGGS
25¢

THEY MAKE
GREAT
DOORKNOBS